THE

Young Man's Vindication,

Against the

Virgin's Complaint.

She rail'd against young Men in a Passion great,
But he more mildly seems with her to treat;
Young Men are not so bad as she would make them,
Some Maids are full as bad, how dye you take them.

Tune o', The Virgin's Complaint: *or*, Cupid's Courtesie.

SWeet Virgin, hath Disdain,
mov'd you to Passion,
N'er to love Man again,
but for the fashion?
Was your abuse so great,
beyond all measure,
That you can quite forget,
to think of Pleasure?

Though one false-hearted Man,
not to be named,
Make you look pale and wan,
must all be blamed?
As if scarce one were good,
in a whole City;
Your pevish angry Mood,
I can but pity.

Men are not half so bad,
as you would make them;
More Maidens may be had,
if you forsake them:
Therefore I tell you plain,
be not disdainful,
If *Cupid* shoot again,
you'll find it painful.

Young Men had need beware,
least they be taken,
And drawn into a Snare,
and so forsaken.
Many Maid's prove untrue,
take it for certain,
'Twill be too late to rue,
of a bad Bargain.

Maidens false hearted are,
I can report it,
Their Craft they will not spare,
when they are courted:
They'll bend unto your Bow,
their Wits are nimble,
It's very hard to know,
when they dissemble.

They'll powder, prank and paint,
with each new Fangle,
Sometimes sit like a Saint,
for to intangle:
Their pretty wanton Eyes,
are so alluring,
Life and Death in them lies,
Killing and Curing.

Their Beauty's like a Charm,
Lovers intrancing.
No Man receives more Harm,
then by their Glancing;
Like Syrens they *will* sing,
their Voices lavish,
They make the Eccheos ring,
their Tongues are lavish.

By such alluring Baits,
young Men are taken,
And then it is their Fates,
to be forsaken:
For the seen tieing Girls,
are so unconstant,
They're won and lost again,
all in an instant.

I have experience had
of their false dealing,
Some of them are so bad,
they're not worth stealing.
If one in half a Score,
prove to be Vertuous,
She shall have Suitors more,
her Love is precious.

Now tell me which are best,
young Men or Maidens?
I think 'tis here confest,
both have their Failings:
Therefore be rul'd by me,
scorn not a young Man,
There's as much Truth in him,
as in a Woman.

Virgins take my Advice,
be not disdainful,
Neither be coy nor nice,
squemish nor scornful:
'Tis but a pettish Strain,
for to love no Man;
If e're you love again,
pray love a young Man.

I am resolved now,
tho' some miscarry,
I'll have a Virgin too,
with her I'll marry:
For love I'll not refrain,
tho' it be common,
But when I love again,
I'll love a Woman.

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